

Unspoiled beauty, sweet emotions,
Guarded each for righteous giving,
All your love for chosen husband,
All your charms for gospel living.

Mother—Your Summertime

Your sweet summer—crowded summer,
Tired body, flying hands,
Homemade bread and homemade pleasures,
Discipline by love—it stands!

Never did returning husband
Find more waiting at his coming—
Food and love and understanding
Mingled, usually, with humming.

Neighbor children by the dozen,
Husband's business, church and city,
Nausea disturbed by door bell,
Time to nurse and time to pity.

(1) Make up flowers from four 'til seven,
Help with homework, dress the dead—
Magic meals just seemed to happen.
So did clean white clothes and bed.

Then, your husband's "inspiration"—
"Mother, darling, you need rest.
Let's go hunting—great vacation!
We'll ride horses, that's the best!"

Busy summer, selfless service,
Building children into men—
God said, "When you do for others
You're the greatest of them then."

Dear Mom—Your Autumn

Mom, I've always loved the autumn—
Ours is here, I love the fall.
Never have you been more lovely,

Gracious, charming to us all.

Mellow from your years of fruitage,
Sweetened by each baby's birth—
Just as thrilled by (2) Junie's coming
As by Ted's "welcome to earth."

In a week your final school bell
Will bring Junie home at noon,
(School lunch never kept them from you)
"What's for dinner?" hushed too soon.

Yes, our baby goes to college,
Violet now comes out, a nurse.
One more year for Audrey's mission—
Almost shorter than this verse.

All the others are well married,
Harvest time will soon be through.
Oh! How sweet this fleeting autumn—
Motherhood is good to you.

Dear Grandma—Your Coming Winter

Pretty locks of snowy whiteness
Glorify your hair and whisper,
"Wintertime is softly coming,
Sweeter than the fall, and crisper."

How we've loved our home in winter
Christmas, birthdays and the New Year
Family dinner every Sunday,
Cold? No hazard, dear, with you here.

Now the girls are busy mothers,
Twenty-two—soon twenty-four—
Winter harvest time is dawning,
Babies coming by the score.

Even now I catch you resting,
Knitting, reading now and then.
Even watching television

But, not often has that been.

On our recent (3) tour you rested,
When I said, "Let's drive at four,"
You'd just yawn and say, "Go on, dear,
I am sleeping hours more."

Knowing you and your life's pattern
I dozed back to sleep in prayer,
For I knew the rest you wanted
Was for me and you to share.

In the blossoms of this springtime,
By the temple of our God,
Where we wed and love to worship
Our near-winter makes its nod,

Bids us labor in the temple,
Beckons rest, with glorious work.
May our health permit this labor,
Please, dear, help me not to shirk.

Mama, thanks for being Mother,
Thanks for pain and patient love.
Please, dear Father up in Heaven
May we all have Mom above?

In 1959 I was invited to give a tribute to my wife as a mother.
Again in 1973 I have the same request. I shall use the first
one again and add a new one bringing us up to date.

Dearest Great Grandma—Real Winter Yours

Mom, our winter's nearly over
(Seventy-four and seventy-five;—
And I love it, I know you do,
Mom, it's good to be alive!

Fourteen years ago I stood here
Pouring out my humble love,
Let's recall this "winter decade,"
And its blessings from above.

Betty left us in a hurry,
Bent our knees and bowed our heads.
Lowell has been an inspiration—
How sweet testimony spreads!

Our short (4) Northern Indian Mission—
(Your eyes left us, brought us home)
Texas Mission one year later,
Renewed pride and pride at home.

You were sweet at Texas border
(My leg with a (5) brace was lined),
Squeezed my hand and softly whispered,
"Texas, here's the halt and blind."

Just in months you learned to see things
With your "spirit, mind and heart,"
And my brace was in the closet—
Mom, I'm sure we did our part.

Then our Junie married Hardy
(Texas Mission honeymoon).
Mary came to boost our spirits,
Two years vanished all too soon.

With our car, and your fine cooking,
And big Texas miles to roam—
Elders, members, kids all missed us;
Ted flew out and drove us home.

Then we built our pretty cottage,
"Old folks home" you say with pride.
These four years we've lived and loved it
And the neighbors on each side.

Just recall our Golden Wedding—
Love and tears and friends and love;
How our children love and spoil us,
Pray we'll have them all above.

And our fifty-five grandchildren,
How we want them, every one,

But, not often has that been.

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And our fifty-five grandchildren,
How we want them, every one,

And the six great-grands (at present)—
Mom, I think we've just begun!

If we make that Highest Kingdom
And we have our "druthers" There—
Let's rotate with Spring and Summer
Fall and Winter, that's my prayer.

(1) The reference to "make up flowers." We were florists,
also, until Joe and Mildred Lawrence came to town.

(2) Of our nine children—Ted was first and June was last. I
am sure that everyone knows that our family was raised
while we lived in our mortuary.

(3) Mom refused to get up early on a trip back east to get a
new car.

(4) Mom and Dad were called to the Northern Indian Mission
and after just arriving Mom had a hemorrhage back of her
eyes. They were sent home where Dad had disc surgery and
a stroke. A full year passed and then they were sent to the
Texas Mission.

(5) Following Dad's surgery he was required to wear a leg
brace for sometime.

**AN OCEAN IS ONLY A STEPPING STONE
MARY'S BIRTHDAY
MARCH 21, 1972**

When Mama and Mary would mate
They didn't just "peep" thru the gate,
Nor seek "Lovers' Hill,"
The romantic Old Mill,
"We will wait for perfection, not fate."

Mama'd had a good look at the Swedes,
She had said, "They are nothing but weeds."
She sought o'er the sea
'Til, at last, she found me.
How this faith and persistence succeeds!

Mary, secretly, wanted to wed
So, she prayed for a mission instead.
For a mission, guess where?
To the Swedes, I declare!
Right back from where Mama had fled.

Like two salmon that wanted to spawn
These two Swedish girls really sped on—
Joe and Bruce got "prayed out,"
Willing victims, no doubt—
Some years later, we too, saw the dawn.

Bruce and Grandpa feel secretly blessed
That our women both wanted "the best,"
We were real choosie too,
We'd looked over a few,
We too chose the best from the rest!

**MERRY CHRISTMAS TO MAMA
1955**

Dear Violet, Christmas Day is here,
It's half-past eight, church time is near;
As I write by this table new,
(The gift the kids have given you)
I sadly dread the time you wake
And find no gift—no scene you'll make.

I hunted high, I hunted low,
I thought of furniture, but no—
The furniture must wait the rug;
Appliances? And then a shrug—
The (1) Greiser never "fit," it's gone,
Nor dresses, 'less you tried them on.

At last I thought, "A yellow stool
To match the set"—then like a fool
I let you help me pick it out,
But you won't sit around and pout—
You'll cook my meals and be my queen,
And scold a bit to keep it keen.

That baking ham smells good, like you,
 That homemade bread will be good too.
 Your "sharpness" fools the kids, I bet,
 Your tender love—it fools me yet;
 It comes when least expected, Dear,
 That makes it richer year by year.

(1) Greiser was a vegetable shredder that Dad bought at one time for Mom and it never did work very well.

VIOLET'S SECRET DREAM
[WRITTEN 3 A.M. CHRISTMAS MORNING—1970]

The 49ers rushed for gold—
 They fought, they starved, they killed!
 (1) My "fortyniner" got stark bold
 An ultimatum willed.

No "hint" in half a hundred years
 Has ever passed her lips,
 And now, a protest—yea, demand!
 With hands upon her hips.

"My secret dream has always been ..."
 (The pretty clerk and I
 Expected jewels or cars or trips,
 She had a pleading eye)—

..."I crave expensive soap that smells
 Like Frankincense and Myrrh,
 And Cleopatra's bubble bath!
 I've always envied her.

"I want sweet potions on my skin,
 And incense in the air
 Like queens in golden bath tubs had
 With springtime in my hair."

Then, back from "teen" to "seventy"
 (While Zella Pitts and I
 Exchanged strange smiles of unbelief)
 Then, Mom again stood by.

Two busy days since Mama's "hint,"
 With little time to smell
 I've shopped the catalogs and shops,
 Yes, hardware stores as well.

Then I came home from (2) Brother Bood's
 And heard once more, "Oh, phew!"
 Again he put that "horse smell" on!
 "Why I'm ashamed of you!"

So, here's a (3) "century check" my dear,
 And here's a twenty, too.
 Use one or both, then let me smell—
 Bet I'll come running, too.

Try "Night in Paris," "On the Nile,"
 "Helen of Troy" and then,
 For me, put on "Sweet Violet"
 And come back home again.

(1) My fortyniner. We were shopping for a gift for my sister
 Lacy at the Palace Drug on our 49th wedding anniversary.

(2) Brother Bood—Bood Hicken, a local barber.

(3) Century check. To this poem I attached a \$100.00 check
 and a \$20.00 bill.

MY "PRIVATE ROOM"

From countless miles and countless years
 I needed "valves" and "rings."
 My trained-nurse-wife ruled, "Private room!
 I'm hep about these things."

Four-sixty-four was quite serene,
 We read, we talked, lights dim,
 Next morning, while he carved me up
 I heard (1) "Old Whispering Jim"—

"My nurse team over in Ward D
 Can save this feeble guy,

We'll take him there while he's asleep,
I'll bet he'll wonder why."

And then I heard a softer voice
Familiar through the years,
Old Ira Miles was next in line,
(It almost brought my tears).

Then we saw angels, black and white,
Brown, yellow, boys and girls.
Each did a job and gave a boost,
Each showed us smiles and curls.

A few days later Doctor Jim
Shouted so all could hear,
"That private room is ready now,
We'll move you and your gear!"

What? Take me from my salvage crew?
And what about each buddy?
We've just about solved Vietnam,
But Bangladash is "muddy."

The "Stars" can't win without our help,
We share each family group.
That private room is for the birds!
I'll stay right with the coop.

(1) Dr. Whispering Jim is Dr. James K. Palmer, my very
good friend.

(2) The Stars. A Salt Lake professional basketball team.

Autumn...

the most beautiful season of all, unless it be

Winter...

or

Spring.....

or

Summer....

has come to our "valley of love" a fortnight early.
It draws us out of doors and into the hills;
It draws eyes that should be focused on the road ahead;
It pried sneaky openings in reverent eyes during the

graveside prayer at the Midway cemetery yesterday;
it gets me up early in the morning;
I love it!

MOM'S "PLANTATION"

September sun-up took me out
To view the mountain splendor.
I drank it in, it warmed my heart—
The Lord's an artful blender.

I drank, then dreamed, then drank again
And happy dropped my eyes
To fresh cut lawn with dew jeweled beads,
To kindly shrubs, my sighs

Of happiness 'most choked me up
And then I saw three sisters,
(1) "The Quaker Maidens" leaning in
To hear each others whispers.

I'm glad Mom got her quaking aspens,
My glistening eyes grew dim,
And suddenly I saw our yard
Filled with her every whim...

A giant pine, a big blue spruce,
A weeping birch, an elm,
Chokecherries in a graceful row
And roses in her realm.

And Shasta Daisies, "They're so sweet,
Perennial, no care."
Some bed bug currents, an apple tree
(A wealthy) and a pear.

Some onions, yes, and violets,
And parsley, glads and chives
It looked like Grandma's cypress grove,
(That vision gave me hives).